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A POEM upon the CORONATION.

By J. Baber Esq;

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LET the Globe mend its pace, Stars Stars puſh on,
Let Moons change quick, and *Phœbus* ſwifter run;
May the *Thames* faſter Ebb, and faſter Flow,
Let Nature her Concern for *Britain* ſhow,
Time whet his Scythe, to cut the Hours, which ſtay
The Glories of the *CORONATION* Day;
May the kind Skies lend aid, the Spring to dreſs,
And Trees in Early Bloſſoms Joys expreſs.
My Pulſe does with unuſual faſtneſs beat,
And ſhews Deſire impatient, as 'tis great!
Haſte, Glorious Morn! for *Britain*'s greedy Eyes
Will follow *Phoſphor*, till he quits the Skies.
With ſhouts and Acclamations, their Old Way,
The Multitude will their Allegiance pay.
The Loyal Souldiers of the Land and Seas
Their Joys ſhall oft repeat in loud Huzza's;
Extravagant Mirth be proper ev'ry where,
Philoſophers ſhall Bacchanals appear.

Oh

Oh *Bacchus*, how have I in Envy Thoſe,
Who loyal Hearts infus'd in Thee expos'd!
But I, ſpurr'd on by Importuning Muſe,
To ſhow my gladneſs, muſt my Credit loſe;
No Theme ſhall ever draw me in agen:
Heart once atone for my Tranſgreſſing Pen.
Hold, Muſe! forbear thoſe Joys to antedate,
Would you could the paſt Acts of *JAMES* relate,
His Valour for his Countries Glory ſhown,
His Love on much more nice occaſions known,
During our Civil Broils, diſtracted Rage,
How he retir'd, and choſe a Pilgrimage!
He did however with regret remove
From *England*, though unworthy of his Love.
Ev'n then his Thoughts were bent o'th' Kingdom's Good,
More than to ſeek his Adverſaries Blood:
Like the True Mother he reſigns his ſhare,
The Infants dear-beloved Life to ſpare;
The careleſs Whore mean while with all her heart
The Babe would ſever, to obtain a part:
So for our Peace, *YORK* ſometime ſtept aſide,
And Others ſtaid the Nation to divide.
Tell what, ſince *Britain*'s Monarch he's proclaim'd,
Is done, and how his Subjects Hearts are gain'd:
How All his Declaration did behold,
And wiſh'd it writ in Characters of Gold.
This Golden Days denotes; *for, from his Mouth,*
Did ever fall Indubitable Truth?
Safely on him may *England*'s Church depend,
Pious he is, and will the Faith defend:
The Faith I mean of our Progenitors,
We by our Practice ſcarce can call it Ours;

That

That Faith and Loyalty go hand in hand,
And thus united shall Hells Gates withstand.
All who to be True Christians do profess,
To you, Great Sir, must say with thankfulness,
Your Sacred Word our Faiths defence secures,
And now *Jove*'s safety does consist in Yours.
More than Religion, fam'd for Liberty,
England's pronounc'd, as in past Ages, free;
The Laws with force attacque, whoever dare,
Your Self, their Second, in the Fight declare;
Thus when you of our Laws protection take,
You chuse the same which you your self would make.
They dream of Safety, who rely on Laws,
For few are perfect, clear, and void of Flaws.
Some with Obscurity, some Doubts abound,
Some were design'd to puzzle and confound;
But *JAMES*'s Justice all Defects supplies,
And he sleeps safely, who on him relies.
His Conquering Justice, when he takes the Field,
Must make his Enemies, like Subjects yield,
By that to him, the Universe must own,
A Right to Victory as to his Crown.
What, though his Genius him to Arms incite,
His Prudence can dispose the time to fight,
That Prudence which a settled Government,
Has now contriv'd, and gave the Land content,
That of his Treasury himself takes care,
And does his Subjects Blood, and Substance spare,
To Us a Father's Tenderness he shows
That All Things he inspects, and All Things knows.
Kings that have just took pains, to view about,
And able Ministers by chance pick out,

Have on the Toils of Servants, built their Fame;
By his own Labours *JAMES* makes known his Name,
The Miniſter grows almoſt out of date,
He Supervizes Judge, and Magiſtrate,
And bears alone the Burthen of the State.
Factions, and Plots he'll in their Bud defeat,
Tares ſhall no more ſpring up amongſt the Wheat.
Nor can his lofty, vaſt, unbounded Mind
To rule his Kingdoms only be confin'd,
His Vigilance does o're the Main extend,
And th' Ocean in his Thoughts does comprehend.
He Admiral becomes, no leſs than King,
And him you'd preſent judge at Ev'ry Thing.
For ſome great End it was, no doubt, that Fate
So ſoon to Heaven did mighty *CHARLES* tranſlate,
Whoſe Health, and Vigor, did the world beguile,
With hopes that he ſhould longer Rule this Iſle;
But now we find this ſudden Work was done
To place great *JAMES* upon his Queſtion'd Throne,
Rebellion to ſubdue, and thoſe confute
That dar'd about the Crown's Deſcent diſpute,
To lay 'em proſtrate, ſolemnly to own
Thy Title they conteſted to the Crown.
Theſe had affirm'd, ſhould *CHARLES* have you ſurviv'd,
To Reign in Peace you ne're could have arriv'd,
And that their Bill had been a flaming Sword
To guard the Throne from you their Lawful Lord,
Poſterity intending to delude
With compaſt Projects, which were but purſu'd.
Let a long Reign the Contrary evince,
Make us, Sir, underſtand who makes our Prince,
Make Heaven's Will be better underſtood,
The Crown's Deſcent, Proximity of Blood, The

The word, *Succeſſion*, with reſerve to uſe,
As was *Jehova's* Name by Pious *Jews*,
Thoſe whoſe *Icarian* boldneſs ſoar'd ſo high,
With melted Wings (which nearer Earth could fly)
By Royal Beams, came tumbling from the Sky.
Crown'd with one King more Virtues ne're were ſeen,
Never ſo many Graces in one Queen,
Whoſe Beauty to deſcribe Attempts were always weak,
Nor ſhall I on that Subject ſilence break;
Where *Laureats* have of Juſt Deſcription fail'd,
That Theme by Verſe ſhould be no more Aſſail'd.
Taſſo the Poet of your Ancient Line,
Were he alive, this Subject muſt decline,
With me confeſs, who am diſcourag'd quite,
'Tis to your diſadvantage all men write.
In Hiſtory it never did appear
Where King and Conſort better coupled were,
How oft are Kings with homely Perſons catcht?
They Married are indeed, but ye are matcht.
And may your God-like Perſons, many more
Years Reign together, than ye liv'd before:
Our Hopes are great, but I ſhall little ſay
Of Sons, from you, which ſhall great *Britain* ſway.
Next ye
The Greateſt Chriſtian Princes on the Earth,
Expected twenty years a *Dauphin's* Birth,
And ſince the Greatneſs of his conquering Fame,
Shews, Heaven does take more Time, a King to frame
Than other Men. Then *Britain* can't deſpair
'Twixt ſuch a Couple in due Time an Heir.
Mean while her preſent Happineſs all Tongues muſt ſing,
The Greateſt Subject *JAMES* become the Greateſt King.

FINIS.